

[THEME SONG PLAYS]

[INTRO]

ALICE DEE: Radioactive Skittles presents '*The Stonettes*,' a glowing production. Created and voiced by M.S.T. Price. Guest-starring: Any L. Price.

THE STONETTES CRIB - DAY

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Now that Big D has dominated the market--I wouldn't say dominate--

MORAPHINE: By "dominating" do you mean to say Big D has waged a superior marketing war and, in the process, has pied piped our coke heads? Then yes, you are correct in those respects.

HERA WYNN: --and Carl has had a steady rise in popularity and has accumulated a nice following, hmm, aren't we generous? What are our plans in terms of retaliating?

ALICE DEE: Retaliation? Oh, no, we're not retaliating. We're just planning on putting a bitch back in its place.

BLEEP MART - PARKING LOT - DAY

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, RAIN, SHOPPING CARTS AND CARS ARE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: (UNSURE) So... that's the plan?

HERA WYNN: What? You got a better idea?

ALICE DEE: No, but yours sounds more mean than effective.

MORAPHINE: Actually, I think it will be both mean, yet, effective if implemented right.

HERA WYNN: See.

MORAPHINE: Think about it. Not only will we be throwing Carl off his game after he discovers what we've done, but all roads will lead back to him. But, we'll need a way to jump-start our plan. Otherwise, it could take weeks before Carl lands on the cops' radar.

ALICE DEE: Hey, isn't that Conscious?

HERA WYNN: Where?

MORAPHINE: Who?

ALICE DEE: You know, Hera's archenemy. She's over there selling cookies by the mouth of (BLEEP) Mart.

HERA WYNN: She dares to enter my turf?

ALICE DEE: Actually, she dares to enter girl scout territory. I wonder where she got her girl scout costume complete with badge?

HERA WYNN: I don't know, let's go ask.

MORAPHINE: What do you know, (BLEEP) Mart's about to get A-bombed.

HERA WYNN: Hey there, Conscious, long time no see.

CONSCIOUS: Could be longer.

HERA WYNN: Where'd you get the getup? Mug an actual girl scout?

CONSCIOUS: Internet, heard of it?

MORAPHINE: So what charity are you funding for this time? (READING SIGN) 'Help Feed the Seagulls?' Really? People are actually falling for that scam.

CONSCIOUS: As a hippie, I would think you'd be more concerned for our wildlife.

MORAPHINE: They eat fish.

[WE HEAR A BOX OF COOKIES BEING GRABBED.]

ALICE DEE: Hold up! These cookies are the real deal. She's got Thin Mints. I see you earned your fraud badge.

HERA WYNN: Earn your fire badge next and you'll be all set for your trip to H-E-Double Hockey Sticks.

CONSCIOUS: Are you just here to bust my balls or are you going to buy something?

HERA WYNN: The first.

ALICE DEE: Whatcha out here peddling cookies so hard for anyways?

Conscious: If you must know, I'm saving for this.

MORAPHINE: Uh... your thumbs covering your phone screen.

CONSCIOUS: Oops, there.

ALICE DEE: (SHOCKED BUT EXCITED) An Ice Cream Cart Tricycle?

HERA WYNN: (PLOTTY) Interesting.

CONSCIOUS: Everyone knows Ice Cream is where it's at.

MORAPHINE: (WHISTLES LOW) Five grand, that's some investment.

ALICE DEE: Not to mention the start-up costs.

CONSCIOUS: Thanks to you, I got that covered.

ALICE DEE: Us? Oh. Yeah, you're not welcome.

HERA WYNN: Are you even old enough to work?

CONSCIOUS: I'm fourteen, nothing's stopping me. Come next summer, I'll have retired the sash.

HERA WYNN: How would you like to retire the sash, say... this Friday?

ALICE/MORA: Huh?

CONSCIOUS: I'm listening.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Okay, we might be earning our fire and brimstone badge for an epic prank, but it's not like we're recruiting her as an informant or some shit. What do we look like? The Feds?

BLEEP MART - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, RAIN, SHOPPING CARTS AND CARS ARE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

CONSCIOUS: So we're on the same page: for five G's you want me to meet you at ten-forty on Friday downtown at Sylvester Park to pick up a box of girl scout cookies, then hop on a bus and ride the eight minutes over to the stop outside the police station, walk across the sidewalk outside city hall, cross paths with some sketchy douche bag in a black hoodie holding a cup of coffee, dispense a couple of small baggies filled with 'coke'--oopsies, my bad--'Glitter Dust' from the bottom of a box of girl scout cookies and then play the part of the good Samaritan who wants to return the baggies to him?

HERA WYNN: Correct.

CONSCIOUS: So, where will you be?

ALICE DEE: Parked in the lot across the street so we can watch the exchange.

CONSCIOUS: Got it.

HERA WYNN: So what do you say, kid? Are you ready to start your future?

CONSCIOUS: I need half-sies upfront.

HERA WYNN: So you can ghost us, no, no, no. You said you want the money to buy your trike, right?

CONSCIOUS: That is what I intend.

HERA WYNN: Then here's what we'll do. We're going to buy you that exact bike on your wishlist and have it delivered to your place. You'll have the tracking number, so you won't have to worry your pretty little head about getting scammed.

CONSCIOUS: Deal. Last requests?

ALICE DEE: We'll need a box of Lemon Thins and a box of Thin Mints.

CONSCIOUS: That'll be twenty-five.

MORAPHINE: Really?

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Aren't we worried enlisting a fourteen-year-old girl in our turf war might be construed to some as child endangerment? No, the only child we'll be endangering is the man-boy himself. How you ask?

MORAPHINE: Like all rebels, we drug dealers get off on finding ways to indiscreetly give the bird to the establishment despite the risk of getting caught. Hera Wynn, Alice Dee, and I, Moraphine, enjoy the in-your-face approach by the use of clever wordplay to disguise our drug biz. Big D's not-so-ballsy move is to grab his morning Americana from the coffee shop facing City Hall. The very same City Hall which houses our Police Department and the building which will serve for the backdrop to our prank.

TRIPP SISTERS' MINIVAN - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[WINDSHIELD WIPERS, SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC ARE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Oh! Conscious has hopped off the bus in front of the Police Station. Ooh! And look, the po-po's out and about.

MORAPHINE: Ten-fifty on the dot. Carl's exiting the coffee shop. He's waiting for the walk sign to cross the street *and* he's walking.

HERA WYNN: Conscious is on the move, box of girl scout cookies in hand. Hold up, why is she stopping?

ALICE DEE: She's talking to a woman on the bench. Conscious is shaking her head no. The woman is pulling out cash. Carl is walking past. Oh, no! We missed the mark!

HERA WYNN: Who the hell hounds someone for a box of lemon cookies?

ALICE DEE: A stoner?

MORAPHINE: Wait a minute, those aren't the lemon cookies? Conscious has the Thin Mints.

HERA WYNN: What the fuck?! We agreed to put the cocaine in a box of Lemon Thins because the Thin Mints are too popular someone was bound to buy them off her.

ALICE DEE: Well, it was on the kitchen table. I thought they were left out for me to work with.

MORAPHINE: No wonder I couldn't find my cookies.

HERA WYNN: Great going, Moraphine!

MORAPHINE: Hey, you should have checked the box before handing it to her.

HERA WYNN: (ANGRY SHUDDER) Whatever, let's go meet her at the freaking park so we can plan on getting this right tomorrow morning.

TRIPP SISTERS' MINIVAN - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - DAY

[WINDSHIELD WIPERS, SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC ARE HEARD.]

ALICE DEE: Conscious has stepped off the bus with the box of Lemon Thins. She's back in position, again.

HERA WYNN: Huh, looks like today is a better day. City Hall is crawling with cops.

MORAPHINE: I see movement. Carl has left the coffee shop and is crossing the street.

HERA WYNN: Think Carl could spot us parked over here in the lot?

ALICE DEE: Behind the hedge?

MORAPHINE: Nah, man, he's too busy watching the cops and sipping his joe.

ALICE DEE: Carl's stepped onto the curve.

HERA WYNN: Conscious is approaching and... The first baggie has been dispensed.

ALICE DEE: She's picking it up off the ground!

CONSCIOUS: Hey, mister, with the black hoodie!

CARL: Huh?

CONSCIOUS: Yeah, you, holding the coffee.

MORAPHINE: That sure got his attention and the cops who were walking the other direction.

CONSCIOUS: I saw you dropped this little baggie of glitter.

CARL: What? Yo! That's not mine!

CONSCIOUS: Yes it is, I saw it fall out of your backpack.

CARL: Get lost, kid!

HERA WYNN: Hoodie's going up and he's picking up the pace. Yeah, that's really inconspicuous.

MORAPHINE: Cops are heading over.

CONSCIOUS: Hey, mister!

CARL: This is harassment!

ALICE DEE: Look, Conscious plopped another.

CONSCIOUS: Mister, you dropped another one and another! Geez, mister, how much you got?

ALICE DEE: Lucky for him, I only put three.

HERA WYNN: (LIGHT LAUGH) He's stopping to engage.

CARL: For the last time, you little shit!

OFFICER 1: Hey!

CARL: Those are not mine!

OFFICER 1: Stop right there!

OFFICER 2: What's going on over here?!

CARL: Hello, officer.

CONSCIOUS: He keeps dropping little baggies of glitter and I just wanted to return them, damn!

CARL: I've never seen those baggies in my life!

[ERUPTION OF LAUGHTER.]

CARL: I was just walking! She's lying! She lies! What?! You're going to handcuff me out here?! I've been framed!

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Is Carl gone for good? No. Sadly he didn't have anything on him when he got busted and since he never actually touched the baggies, the charges couldn't stick. Though he did get to spend his weekend in the can until they got it all sorted.

(LISTENING TO QUESTION)

So, what was the whole point? I'm glad you asked. See, we glued special made Bangin' Hooch tabs to the front of the little baggies to guarantee Carl a spot on the cops' radar.

STREET - DOWNTOWN OLYMPIA, WA - AFTERNOON

[SOUND OF SEAGULLS, LIGHT RAIN AND TRAFFIC.]

CARL: Bangin' Hooch?!

MORAPHINE: I see you're finally out.

ALICE DEE: A little late in the day, and you're still wearing your clothes from Saturday. I'm guessing the prints were on backlog and you weren't too high on their priority list.

CARL: (LOUDER) Bangin' Hooch?!

ALICE DEE: Are you talking about the place that closed down around the corner?

CARL: I know where my bar was! You can't do this! I still own the name.

ALICE DEE: I see that you're getting a little emotional and we're sorry to have upset you.
(TO SISTERS, BEHIND HAND) It must be his time of the month.

MORAPHINE: We thought you would be flattered since they're very popular. I mean, people even request these tabs by name.

HERA WYNN: Yeah, I mean they're almost as popular as are Dare to Party spirit tabs.

CARL: This is a clear violation of copyright. You will not get away with this!

ALICE DEE: I think we already did...

HERA WYNN: But if you feel that strongly then perhaps you should report us. However, if you were to file that complaint in Federal Court I think you'll find it to be a whole other court proceeding when the question of the 'alleged' infringement comes up. You know, the part where you'll have to go into detail about our illicit paraphernalia impeding upon your illicit business dealings. Though it's up to you on how you would like to proceed.

CARL: Oh, I think I'd like to settle this matter outside of court.

ALICE DEE: You do that.

MORAPHINE: Now, if you'll excuse us, we don't really want to be seen talking with you. The po-po may not have anything on you which explains you walking free, but they are still probably keeping tabs, pun intended.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: How worried are we that Carl might try to return the favor? Pfft.

NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

[SOUND OF BIRDS AND LIGHT RAIN.]

MORAPHINE: (LOW WHISTLE) Wow, Haze, really cleaned up her place. Nice lawn.

ALICE DEE: The white picket fence is new and so is the cute little gate.

[CREAK OF THE GATE SWINGING OPEN.]

HERA WYNN: So is the cute little flower bed she stuck in the place where her lockbox used to be. Come on. Her car's not here so we'll just have to leave the party supplies by the front door.

ALICE DEE: Huh, why does Hazel have a scale on her front porch shaped like a landmine?

MORAPHINE: Ooh, ooh! I've seen an ad for that. It's an anti-package-thief scale. We just got a place the bag like so ... (RUSTLING OF THE PAPER BAG) And now if anyone was to take it off, an alarm will blare.

ALICE DEE: For how long?

MORAPHINE: Three minutes, more or less.

HERA WYNN: Sure, that will deter most common thieves, but I don't really see how it will stop some bold asshole from taking off with the package anyway--?

[SQUEAK.]

ALICE DEE: Bless you.

HERA WYNN: I didn't sneeze.

MORAPHINE: That wasn't a sneeze, it sounded more like a squeaky toy.

[PANTING AND SQUEAKING CONTINUE.]

ALICE DEE: Puppy!

HERA WYNN: Careful, Alice, that's not a puppy. It's a grown-ass Collie. Where the hell did it come from?

MORAPHINE: By the look of her collar, I think her tag has some kind of motion sensor chip probably for a doggy door. Also, the dog's name is Flower.

ALICE DEE: She's a Collie-Flower! Ooh! What a pretty flower you are.

MORAPHINE: Flower must have let herself out from the back.

ALICE DEE: She must be friendly if Hazel allows her to hang around outside! (TALKING TO THE DOG) Aren't you?! (SQUEALING) Oh! I'm texting Haze right now to tell her how pretty you are!

[SOUND OF TEXTING.]

[DING.]

ALICE DEE: Wow, that was a fast reply. She said she doesn't know whose dog this is and she didn't make an order.

HERA WYNN: What do you mean she doesn't know about the order? I'm sending Haze a screenshot of her order, maybe that will refresh her memory.

[SOUND OF TEXTING.]

[DING.]

ALICE DEE: Guys, maybe she's a stray! We could keep her!

HERA WYNN: No.

ALICE DEE: (WHINY) Aww.

MORAPHINE: Hey, wasn't there a junk pile somewhere over by that bush?

HERA WYNN: I think it was where that fairy garden now sits.

ALICE DEE: Yeah, it was. Oh, wow! She swapped out the tweaker shutters for curtains--

MORAPHINE: Is it just me, or is anybody else getting some weird vibes off of this situation?

ALICE DEE: --and she replaced the overgrown weeds with sunflowers, and, oh! Check out the herb garden in the side yard! (DAWNING) I wonder how she has time to take care of an herb garden when she's always using?

MORAPHINE: I don't know, starter plants.

[DING.]

HERA WYNN: She doesn't. She doesn't live here anymore.

[DING.]

HERA WYNN: And she swears she didn't place an order?

MORAPHINE: What?!

HERA WYNN: Haze got busted for smoking crack and got kicked out of this place a month ago.

ALICE DEE: Well that explains a lot.

MORAPHINE: Wait! Then who lives here?

[DING.]

HERA WYNN: (READING) The owners rented the place out to their niece. (GASP) Who's a cop?!

ALICE/MORA: Cop!

MORAPHINE: That can't be, the Groupies would have informed us of a change in residence.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: There's, like, thirty officers on the force in Ol-of this county. They're not usually hard to keep tabs on, but then again.

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS.]

[PANTING AND SQUEAKING CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND.]

HERA WYNN: Carl must have set us up! We got to grab the bag and get the fuck out of here!

MORAPHINE: Oh, man! The alarm's going to go off the second the bag leaves the scale. We're going to have to book it to the mini. On the count of three. One...

[SOUND OF SQUEAKY TOY DROPPING AS THE DOG BEGINS GROWLING.]

MORAPHINE: Whoa, dog. Chill dog.

[GROWLING INTENSIFIES.]

MORAPHINE: She's not chilling.

ALICE DEE: Mora, move your hand slowly away from the bag.

MORAPHINE: (SLOWLY) Look, Flower, I'm moving my hand back.

[GRRR... GROWLING ABRUPTLY ENDS.]

ALICE DEE: See, she doesn't want to eat you. She just doesn't like you touching her bag.

HERA WYNN: She might as well eat us because we're dead meat without it!

MORAPHINE: Okay, okay. Sorry, dog, but this was my bag first.

[GROWLING RESUMES.]

MORAPHINE: So, if you don't mind I'm just going to reach...

[GROWLING GROWS LOUDER.]

MORAPHINE: For this...

[GROWLING INTENSIFIES.]

MORAPHINE: Bag. And...

[THE ALARM GOES OFF AND THE DOG SNAPS!]

ALICE/HERA: Put it back! Put it back!

MORAPHINE: It's back! It's back!

[THE ALARM TURNS OFF AND THE DOG STOPS BARKING.]

ALICE DEE: What are we going to do?

MORAPHINE: Not get bit, that's for sure.

HERA WYNN: So our choices are to get mauled or go to prison! Motherfucking, fucker, fuck!

[SQUEAKING AND PANTING CONTINUE.]

[PHONE BEEPS.]

HERA WYNN: Haze texted. She says she's surprised we hadn't realized she moved since her last order was sent to her new address! How did you not check, Moraphine?!

MORAPHINE: I was busy setting up the bag of goods. Space Cadet here is the one who took the order?

ALICE DEE: Me?! (SPUTTERING) Hey, if it wasn't for Hera Wynn putting Carl's old logo on the tabs, Carl wouldn't have sat in jail for three days giving him plenty of time to think about how he was getting us back!

MORAPHINE: Alice, has a point.

HERA WYNN: What?! I didn't see either of you having any good plans. Don't try blaming me when it's your guy's fault!

MORAPHINE: My fault?! It's your fault!

ALICE DEE: Me?! No, you!

MORAPHINE: Not you, *her!*

ALICE DEE: Oh. You!

HERA WYNN: It's not my fault!

MORAPHINE: Yes, it is!

HERA WYNN: No, it's not!

ALICE DEE: It's your fault!

MORAPHINE: Yes, it is!

[HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND...]

ALICE DEE: No, it's my fault. Wait... no.

HERA WYNN: No!

MORAPHINE: Yes, it is!

HERA WYNN: The fuck it is!

[HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND...]

ALICE DEE: (WEAKLY) Shut up!

MORAPHINE: (WHISTLING) Guys! Stop the insanity! Pointing fingers or giving the finger isn't helping.

HERA WYNN: Then why the fuck is your finger still pointing at me?

MORAPHINE: I was just pointing in a general direction!

HERA WYNN: In mine?!

MORAPHINE: Hera, take a chill pill! We can figure this out.

[HERA WYNN GROWLS.]

ALICE DEE: Too bad, we can't just slip Flower a chill pill. What, why are you guys staring at me like that?

HERA WYNN: That's it!

ALICE DEE: What's it?

HERA WYNN: Moraphine, toss Flower your blunt!

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Well, it wasn't like we had any other Scooby Snax on hand. Besides, a squirrel at the park got into a stash we hid for a client and it woke up fine. Two days later. The only side-effect it displayed was a bad case of the munchies.

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS.]

[DOG PANTING.]

MORAPHINE: Here, doggy, doggy, doggy. Fetch! Now eat the weed doggy. There you go, eat the bud, bud.

[SOUND OF DOG FETCHING.]

ALICE DEE: She's eating it and...

[SOUND OF DOG SPITTING UP.]

ALICE DEE: She just spat it out.

[HERA WYNN LETS OUT A GROWL.]

MORAPHINE: Great, I just wasted perfectly good weed that I could have really used to take the edge off.

HERA WYNN: Okay, okay, okay. The way I look at it, only one person has to get mauled.

ALICE DEE: We can rock paper scissors over--

HERA WYNN: Mora--

MORAPHINE: Bitch--?!

HERA WYNN: Not you! I was starting to say call Pup. It's time for his initiation.

MORAPHINE: Oh. It's a dog-eat-dog world, what option do we have?

ALICE DEE: Pup's a big boy, he's got this.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: Back in the safety of the minivan, still in perfect view of the house, we went ahead and got the ball rolling. While Moraphine prepped Pup and Alice Dee scanned the My Block App in search of our plan B, I texted Haze to find out who lives at the house. Turns out, the Wilkins rented it out to their niece Officer Debra Wilkins-Hanes. So, once I knew the officer's name, I put a Groupie on the task of finding out how it is Carl found out about her change in address before we did. As it was, Dear Debbie's recent unexpected change in address was spurred from marital problems. Her husband, an addict before they met, was an old customer of Big D's. Due to the separation, it appears he's begun using again which is how Carl was able to find out that newly separated Debbie moved into our client's old house. Which is how he lured us here. Payback will prove to be a bigger bitch than Flower, but that will have to wait for another day as Officer Debbie's shift ends in a half hour. Putting us in a bit of a time crunch.

TRIPP SISTERS' MINIVAN - NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

[LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS: CONTINUOUS.]

[FROM A DISTANCE WE HEAR: AGGRESSIVE SQUEAKING.]

ALICE DEE: Look at her! Playing with her squeaky toy. Mocking us!

MORAPHINE: Do you see how she's shaking that thing?

HERA WYNN: Imagine trying to remove it from her mouth.

MORAPHINE: Yeesh.

ALICE DEE: You mean like if that were a bag of party supplies? (CLEARS THROAT)

[BRIEF GUILTY SILENCE.]

MORAPHINE: About time! Lower down the window, Hera. There's Pup running up.

[SOUND OF WINDOW LOWERING.]

PUP: Hey--!

HERA WYNN: Got the ham bone?

PUP: Yup.

HERA WYNN: So, we're going to stay in the minivan. So as not to get in the way of you or the dog and you just toss the bone to Flower, grab the package, and do your thing.

MORAPHINE: Feel free to take a moment to maybe, limber up because the second you grab the package, you're going to want to run.

PUP: Dogs love me, I'll be fine.

ALICE DEE: That's the spirit. Remember, get this right, and you become an official Groupie. Higher pay, benefits, and all.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: 'And all' meaning, he won't be the first to be considered dog bait, but in the case that he once again might find himself in this situation, one of the benefits included is hazard pay.

TRIPP SISTERS' MINIVAN - NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS.]

ALICE DEE: You can do this!

MORAPHINE: Positive affirmations.

HERA WYNN: Don't. Fuck. Up.

[SOUND OF WINDOW ROLLING UP.]

MORAPHINE: He looks confident, that's a good start. He's already in the yard.

ALICE DEE: He's doing great! He's got the attention of Flower and Flower looks like she has taken an interest to the ham bone in his hand.

HERA WYNN: Pup's tossing...! Flower's fetching...! Pup's retrieving the package...!

[SIRENS BLARE!]

[THE SIREN IS MORE SUBDUED AS IT FADES TO THE BACKGROUND.]

ALICE DEE: Flower's ditched the bone! She's coming for him!

[WE HEAR THE DOG RUNNING, PANTING.]

[PUP IS SCREAMING.]

HERA WYNN: Haul ass!

MORAPHINE: Pup's halfway through the yard, he might make it!

ALICE DEE: No! She's gaining on him! She's right behind you!

HERA WYNN: Toss the package over to us!

MORAPHINE: Flower's on him! She's running alongside him! She just hip-checked him with her butt! Pup's going down!

HERA WYNN: Toss it now! Yes!

ALICE DEE: The package is arcing!

[SOUND OF MINI-VAN SIDE DOOR OPENING.]

MORAPHINE: It's going to make it over the fence! I'm going to run and grab--!

[WE HEAR THE DOG CATCHING AND THE TRIPP SISTERS' COLLECTIVE GASP!]

HERA WYNN: (SLOWLY WITH ANGER) Are you fucking kidding me?!

MORAPHINE: Wow, I did not see that coming!

[SOUND OF MINI-VAN SIDE DOOR CLOSING.]

ALICE DEE: It was like she was flying when she caught it in her mouth!

MORAPHINE: Where's she going?

ALICE DEE: What a bitch! She's prancing back to the porch.

HERA WYNN: No fucking way.

[THE SIREN BECOMES MORE PRONOUNCED AND THEN... SILENCE.]

MORAPHINE: Great, she stuck it right back on the stupid anti-theft machine.

[SOUND OF WINDOW LOWERING.]

HERA WYNN: Pup, stop cowering, and get the fuck off the ground.

MORAPHINE: Alice, please tell me the Groupies located plan B.

ALICE DEE: Let me check... Looks like it. There's Crystal and Beth's Volkswagen driving up to us now.

MORAPHINE: Oh! Thank the universe!

HERA WYNN: We're running out of time, let's go meet them.

[MINIVAN'S DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.]

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN, BIRDS, AND A VEHICLE PULLING UP.]

PUP: I'm so sorry!

MORAPHINE: (STOPPING HIM) Don't worry about it. You made it further than we did.

PUP: Does that mean I get promoted?

HERA WYNN: Nope. Better luck next time.

ALICE DEE: Hey, Crystal!

CRYSTAL: Hey.

ALICE DEE: Where's the package?

CRYSTAL: In the back with Beth and Dig-Doug.

MORAPHINE: Right.

[SOUND OF TRUNK OPENING AND MUFFLED SCREAMING.]

ALICE DEE: Hey, Dougie!

DIG-DOUG: Hey, Alice.

MORAPHINE: Hey, Beth.

BETH: Hey.

HERA WYNN: Mark.

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Is Mark the package thief who we robbed, maimed, and had thrown into the Puget Sound? The very same.

MORAPHINE: Mark was easy to find--only took Alice Dee a couple of minutes to scan the My Block App for a spree of thefts, and once we pinpointed his location, we had the Groupies go and pick him up.

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[BACKGROUND SOUNDS CONTINUE.]

[MUFFLED CRIES.]

HERA WYNN: You can remove the hood.

MORAPHINE: Gag, nice touch.

ALICE DEE: Where'd you find him?

DIG DOUG: Westside.

MORAPHINE: Best to remove his gag now, Dig-Doug. Leave the zip ties.

MARK: (SOUND OF GAG BEING SPAT OUT.) I swear to God, I haven't taken anything from your neighborhood! I stayed out as promised. Ask around, no one's seen me!

HERA WYNN: It doesn't seem to stop you from stealing our parents' packages.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: I lied, they live nowhere near here.

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS CONTINUE.]

MARK: What?! They live on the Westside? I didn't know, I'm sorry!

ALICE DEE: That's all right, I'm sure we can find some way to make us even.

HERA WYNN: I'm thinking this time we take something of his. How about a *hand*, boys, in helping Crystal and Beth take Mark here out to The Farm?

INTERVIEW

ALICE DEE: Do we own a farm? No, but we rent one.

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[BACKGROUND SOUNDS CONTINUE.]

MARK: Hold up! Hold up! I can make it up to you!

MORAPHINE: Wait, guys! I think we're being rash. Mark here has a particularly unique skill set that shouldn't go to waste.

MARK: Yes, yes. I'm very talented.

HERA WYNN: Are you sure, Mora? Because where I'm standing, he's looking a lot like a common thief.

MARK: I have low morals, yes--

ALICE DEE: That we can see.

MARK: --but I have been doing this for three years and I have never been caught. Other than by you three. I don't have a record, and no one has been able to capture my face on camera. Again, except for you three.

MORAPHINE: Right, by the drone. Fun times.

ALICE DEE: I like your repertoire. Okay, maybe you could prove useful. How about you start, like, right now?

MARK: You want me to steal something now?

HERA WYNN: Why? You busy?

MARK: Now's good.

HERA WYNN: Good. Now we need you to steal from that house down there a package that was--erroneously--placed on an anti-theft scale.

MARK: Round or square?

HERA WYNN: Round.

MARK: So, it's the type with a siren. I'm guessing you tried to pull it off, but something stopped you... Hmm... And I'm guessing it's that dog in the side yard chewing on a bone.

MORAPHINE: Observant.

MARK: Part of the job. I'm going to need the zip ties off, a paper bag, and I'm going to need to know what's in the package.

HERA WYNN: Excuse me?

MARK: Not to pry or anything. I just need to know the exact weight of the bag you need me to steal so that we can make sure the decoy weighs the same to avoid tripping the alarm.

INTERVIEW

HERA WYNN: After a little bit of math, we were able to come close to the weight of the bag, and we sent Mark, accompanied by Pup and the Groupies, off to make a quick run to the store. With only five minutes left before shit hits the fan, it was time for us to put all our faith behind a klepto.

NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS.]

HERA WYNN: Mark, you got the shit you asked for. Now go, do your job well or suffer the consequences. Because if you come back empty-handed, that may very well be the one you lose. Okay, pep-talk over. Shoo. You're dismissed! Go! Do your thing.

[HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND...]

MARK: Oh! Right... right, sorry!

HERA WYNN: (CLAP, CLAP) Okay, Groupies, listen up. If Mark sucks at his job, we're going to have a real shit storm on our hands. Everybody is going to need to lay low while we: Alice Dee, Moraphine, and I, get the hell out of dodge.

MORAPHINE: We may be going dark for weeks, maybe even months, until the heat's off us.

ALICE DEE: Hippy commune deep.

MORAPHINE: As our right-hand man, Dig-Doug will be running the operation until our return. And we are entrusting you when the smoke has cleared--to avenge us.

DIG DOUG: You got it.

ALICE DEE: Dougie, take care of Pup while we're gone.

DIG DOUG: Will do.

PUP: We'll miss--!

HERA WYNN: (DISGUSTED) Ugh! None of that sappy shit! Ech! It's time for you guys to go.

ALICE DEE: If you hear from us, things went well. If not... We all know why.

MORAPHINE: We'll be seeing you, Dig-Doug. Pup.

ALICE DEE: Crystal, Beth.

HERA WYNN: Mark--! (TURNING ON HIM) What the fuck are you still standing here for, Mark?

ALICE DEE: Is that the...?

MARK: Here you go.

HERA WYNN: Let me see that.

[SOUND OF PAPER BAG RUSTLING AS THE TRIPP SISTERS PEER INTO IT.]

[IMPRESSED GASPS ENSUE.]

ALICE DEE: (IN THE BACKGROUND) We're saved! We're saved! We're saved!

MORAPHINE: But how did you? We didn't hear any sirens. Or Flower?!

MARK: I Indiana Jones-ed that shit! Plus, it helped that the dog was in the middle of taking a literal shit.

MORAPHINE: Whoa. Kismet.

HERA WYNN: So a touch of dumb luck. I'll take it. Moraphine, pay the man. You've proven yourself useful after all.

MORAPHINE: Here. You'll probably want to stick this wad in your front pocket, you wouldn't want to risk losing three grand.

MARK: Three grand? For thirty seconds worth of work? Awesome!

MORAPHINE: One grand is for your service. (SOUND OF CASH BEING HANDED OVER) One for your silence. And the other grand is for your sign-on bonus.

MARK: Sign-on bonus?

HERA WYNN: We'd like to keep you on call.

ALICE DEE: You'll soon find when you work for us, and surpass our expectations, you'll be appropriately compensated for your troubles.

HERA WYNN: Why don't you go ahead and take this?

[THE BAG IS HANDED OVER.]

MARK: The bag you just paid me to steal?

HERA WYNN: Consider it a gift.

MARK: Do you got any more jobs for me?

ALICE DEE: That's the spirit. Here's a prepaid burner. You're going to want to pick up and follow our instructions because there's more green where that came from.

INTERVIEW

MORAPHINE: Is Mark our newest Groupie? Time will only tell. As for now, he'll work for us on a part-time contractual basis.

NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

[SOUND OF LIGHT RAIN AND BIRDS CONTINUE.]

HERA WYNN: We'll be seeing you, Mark. Groupies, roll out.

ALICE DEE: I call shotgun!

MORAPHINE: Fine by me, I want to smoke this joint in the back anyway.

[SOUND OF CAR DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING.]

TRIPP SISTERS' MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

[SOUND OF CAR DOORS CLOSING, ENGINE STARTING, AND THE MINIVAN DRIVING OFF.]

ALICE DEE: Hey, so now that whole mess is over, what are we going to do to get back at Carl?

MORAPHINE: I don't know, but all I know is today was stressful, and all I want to do is sit back, enjoy this doobie, and unwind. Tomorrow we plot.

HERA WYNN: Oh! I'm so fucking glad that's over. (SIGHS IN RELIEF)

ALICE DEE: Me, too. Hey, I thought we threw your last joint back there to Flower?

MORAPHINE: We did.

ALICE DEE: Then where did you get that one?

MORAPHINE: Courtesy of Flower.

HERA WYNN/ALICE DEE: Eww!

MORAPHINE: What? When leaving a scene of a crime, (SOUND OF LIGHTER) leave no evidence behind.

[MORAPHINE TAKES A HIT, AND WE FADE INTO THE THEME SONG ON HER EXHALE.]

[THEME SONG PLAYS US OUT AS...]

[OUTRO.]